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An April Day

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelphian

A dark cloud low'ring shadows heaven's blue;
Then rain pours down to conquer winter's dearth;
The tender blades are bending to the earth,
As when deep laden with the morning dew.

But lo, again the sky is bright and clear:
The clouds are rifted, darkness rolled away;
The sun once more sends forth its cheering ray,
'Tis April's happy smile seen through its tear.



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Juanita

Ethel Bollinger, '13, Cornelian

Nestled away in the heart of the Blue Ridge mountains, is a secluded little valley about which there hangs a pathetic Indian legend.

The story goes that here, ages ago, just before the great movement of the American settlers west, there dwelt a powerful Indian chieftain, who was known as Black Hawk. Among his tribe there had always been perfect peace and contentment, until, one day, rumors were heard of a strange people, who had settled just across the mountains. A hurried council was held over the camp fire, and Black Hawk sent out scouts to learn definitely of the whereabouts and character of the new intruders.

Several days passed. The scouting party returned with the most startling accounts of their neighbors. "The people no like Big Chief," they said. "Pale faces," they called them. They told how they could not understand anything that these strangers said, and that they lived in peculiarly-built log houses. "They kill deer and bison on Big Chief's hunting grounds," they added. "We kill pale face hunters!" they grunted excitedly.

That night a great council of war was held, and it was decided that a band of the bravest warriors, led by one of Black Hawk's favorite men, should attack the settlement by night. The eve of the planned attack came, and little did the colony of English people across the mountains, dream of the terrible tragedy which was to be enacted in their village that night. They were practically ignorant of the close

proximity of the Indians, and although they had seen several of the scouts that day, they had not dreamed that they were from a hostile band. The first intimation of the attack, therefore, was the murderous war cries, sounded as the Indians swept down from the mountains upon the sleeping village. The settlers could offer but weak resistance, being so taken by surprise, and a terrible pillaging and massacre ensued. Soon the whole village lay in ruins, few settlers made their escape, and the majority of the surviving ones were taken captive. Among the captives was a beautiful fair-haired child of six years, whom, on account of her wonderful beauty, the Indian warriors took for a good spirit. They guarded her carefully, as they returned up the mountain, lest evil should come to her before their chief, Black Hawk, should see her.

A royal welcome awaited them in their village, and the next few days were spent in feasting and merrymaking in celebration of their victory. The little golden-haired captive was made a sort of queen to preside over all of their feastings, and she was regarded with mixed fear and reverence by the Indians. But the day came when the captives should be killed, a custom which marked the close of the festivities. Many a long council was held to discuss what should be done with the beautiful little prisoner. On account of their belief that she was a good spirit, sent to them from their "Great Chief", they were afraid to put her to death, and so she was the only one of the captives who survived.

She was put under the care of one of the trustiest squaws, and all of the Indians worshipped her. It was wonderful to see the great, powerful warriors doing her bidding in such a docile way. Her word was the law. She was queen over a little world, and the great chief, Black Hawk, threatened to pale into insignificance among his warriors:

So the child grew to womanhood among these Indians; at first perfectly content in her realm, for she could not remember the time before her capture when she dwelt with her own people. She had acquired the Indian manners and customs, and had even almost forgotten all of her English. She had often wondered, however, how it was that she was so fair, while those about her were of such an entirely differ-

ent type, and then, too, she began to realize that she did not have the same savage impulses that the people about her had. For instance, she could never quite understand, or enter into their wild feastings or merrymakings. Her thinking over these two marks of difference between her and the people about her, grew into wonder, and finally into discontent and unhappiness. There was something within her that her life here did not satisfy, a vague longing for a higher civilization, which she could not interpret. She even found herself wondering and speculating about the great world which lay beyond the mountains.

And so the time passed for her, and one day there was an unusual stir in the village. A hunter, returning from the chase, had come upon another settlement of white people not far distant, and had come in great haste, with the news to his chief. Late that night a long council was held, and Juanita, for so the Indians had named her, attracted by the excited voices in the chief's tent, stole quietly up and listened, to learn the cause of the excitement. From what she could gather of their discussion, they were speaking of a previous attack upon a village—an Indian village, she supposed, until she heard them mention the "pale faces". She recognized from their plans and discussion, that here was a people different from the Indians. A faint hope stirred within her. Might she not be something like this new and strange people? she asked herself—she knew not why. Presently she heard her name mentioned; and then she heard the chief recounting the story of the attack on the white settlers and of her own capture. She could not believe her own ears! Could this be the cause of the restlessness which had been growing upon her for the past few years? Was it not possible that she could belong to an entirely different race of people? What could she do to free herself from this hated life?

She determined to make a desperate effort to see the white people that the scouts were telling about there in the tents;—and then a bolder thought came to her. Why should she live her life out here among these people when she was not one of them? Could she—the bare thought made her shrink back in terror—could she escape to the white settlement? She

would get to see the big world outside the valley, which she had so often wondered about. The thought seemed to fascinate her. She stole quietly back to her own tent, and late that night she still lay wide awake planning a way in which she could escape. But, try as she would to harden her heart against them, thoughts of pity and regret would creep in—pity for the noble old chief and his tribe who had been so good to her—regret that she could not do something for these people instead of leaving them in this cowardly fashion. And so she fell asleep still planning and thinking of what she could do.

The next day she learned that the Indians were to attack the newly discovered settlement that night. A dread of the results of such an attack filled her, and she determined to warn the settlers. Suddenly the way became clear! She would tell the Indians that she was going down the mountain side to gather wild flowers. Once she almost wavered, when she thought of the loving care which the old chief had always bestowed upon her, but a feeling of intense longing spurred her on. She must accomplish this visit to the settlement if it cost her her life, for think of the lives which were at stake there.

She hurried away in the direction pointed out the night before by one of the warriors, and finally came upon the village, about noontide. She hurriedly told her story and made known the plans of the Indians. She was joyfully received and before two hours had passed, the people of the village were all ready for departure. And now her dreams were to be realized. With her departure from the village with the white settlers, her old life passed away, leaving all hope for the future new.

And how were things working out back at the Indian village? As night drew on, and Juanita did not return, great uneasiness was expressed among the tribe. Men were sent out in search of her, and the planned attack on the neighboring village was forgotten in the grief and excitement over the loss of their beautiful white spirit.

Black Hawk sent out many of his trusted warriors to search for Juanita, but no trace could be found of the miss-

ing girl. At length the feeble old warrior wandered out in search of her. He followed a little lonesome foot path which led to a great stack of boulders overhanging a beautiful water fall, a place which he knew Juanita often visited. And his search was rewarded. There on the rocks lay a little white bladed moccasin. Hugging it to him he fell upon his knees and gazed far down over the high precipice at the seething, boiling waters below. Could his spirit child be there? He fell face downward upon the rocks.

A few hours later his warriors returned and found him lying there still and quiet upon the boulders. Then they gathered 'round and said that he had answered the call of the spirit child, who had departed before him. As they bore the body of their chief back up the mountain they paused often to listen to the rhythmic echo of the falls, which sounded up to them from below, "Juanita, Juanita".

The Easter Lily

Carey Wilson, Cornelian

A stately stem, full straight and tall and slight
Close bound in deep green leaves whose slender tips—
Each just above another's reaching height,
Point upward to the reason for their being.

The diadem, a crown of lily bells,
The fair white flow'rs that speak to us of God
And His great love for man. Each petal tells
The story ever new, can we but hear.

Half humble, bending down with holy mien,
And half aloof in sweet fragility
A whisper lures from ev'ry fragrant vein
To worship at the shrine of purity.

An Interpretative Sketch of Edmund, from King Lear

Huldah Groome, '13, Adelphian

In considering the character of Edmund, as indeed in studying the character of most individuals, it is necessary first to consider the circumstances which, to a large extent, shaped it and gave it its peculiar bent.

Physically, we may infer, he is especially gifted. He is young and handsome, and just in the prime of splendid young manhood.

His mental gifts fall in no wise short of his physical. He has a powerful intellect, keen wit, and strong, energetic will. These qualities, combined with his "courage, energy of character, and his noble person, prepare us, on our first acquaintance, to expect from him not only great undertakings, but great success in them". Add to all this his noble birth, being, as he is, the son of the "Princely Gloucester," and we see at once that "pride must necessarily be his besetting sin". This pride of person, talents, and birth would alone, have nothing wrong in it. "But his disgraces of fortune were such as, from pride, to generate guilt." For, his father, in his presence and in the presence of Kent, acknowledges that he is ashamed of him, speaks lightly of his mother and of the circumstances of his birth! Gloucester also draws comparisons between Edmund, the illegitimate, and Edgar, the legitimate son, which cannot fail to wound his pride, stimulate his ambition, and awaken his enmity.

He is made to feel that every one knows and thinks constantly of his debasement. He knows that the contempt and scorn which he feels he incurs is personally undeserved, and he, therefore, regards it as a wrong. Says Coleridge: "Shame sharpens a predisposition in the heart to evil."

These bitter feelings are accentuated by the fact that, having lived abroad practically all his life, he has been so cut off from his father and brother as not to have formed any affection for them whatever. Also, what little religion he may have had in the first place has been stifled by his inability to honor his father and mother, and "the consciousness of being

himself a living monument of their shame tends to pervert the felicities of his nature."

This secret shame, mixed with this pride, fills him with hatred of the world in general and with envy of his brother in particular. Since he cannot have a clear name and that respect which his proud nature craves, he determines that he will have the glory and brilliance of temporal power. He will have his father's lands, and command at least that respect which is accorded to wealth and prominence. Thus "his shame of birth in no wise represses his pride of blood, * * and while his shame begets scorn of family ties, his pride passes into greediness of family possessions." Since custom and the "curiosity of nations" disregard him, he will disregard custom, and work his way to what he desires by fair means or foul. And of necessity it must be by foul means, since even if he were a legitimate son, the elder brother would fall heir to the property. So he determines to become a villain. Of course his illegitimacy furnishes no excuse for his villainy, but it somewhat influences our minds. How far he is really indignant at the brand of bastardy, and how far his indignation is a half-conscious self-excuse for his villainy, it is hard to say.

In the bold scheme which he evolves for obtaining what he desires he determines that "people shall be a matter of indifference to him, except as they help or hinder his purpose". In this he shows his absolute lack of conscience. He has no fear of the supernatural. His intellect is too keen for such a childish thing as that. He is a genuine free-thinker, "in the old historic sense: i. e., one in whom the intellect owes no allegiance to the conscience."

Throughout his career Edmund manifests a spirit of gaiety and adventurousness which is particularly apparent in his death when, having staked his all and lost, he takes his defeat like a good gambler. But even at the last he shows no sign of remorse. Although he repeals his command for the death of Lear and Cordelia, he seems not to do it because of any twinge of conscience, but, as he says, despite his own nature. Who can say, however, that if circumstances had been different, he might not have been such a villain? For it

seemed to afford him some pleasure in his dying moments to know that he was beloved even though it was by such monsters as Regan and Goneril.

"For the union of wit and wickedness Edmund stands next to Richard and Iago." He unites Iago's cold reason and selfish calculation. He resembles Iago also in his hypocrisy, perseverance, and skill in making occasions suit his purposes. He strides straight on without a misgiving, without a doubt as to his success. He is straightforward even in his most "artful intrigues".

We may well ask: "What is Iago's malignity against an envied stranger compared with the cruelty of the son of Gloucester?" It would appear from this that Edmund is the greater villain, and yet why is it that we thoroughly despise Iago and feel a certain sympathy for Edmund? Perhaps it is because there is in Iago a great deal of "spontaneous" or purposeless wickedness. And although Edmund plays the game for the game's sake to a certain extent, "adventures in crime are not at all his pastime; they are his means, not his end." "Edmund recalls Iago in courage, strength of will, address, egoism, and an abnormal want of feeling, and the possession of a sense of humor." Like Iago, Edmund keeps himself in the background and strikes the blows which cause the downfall of those whom he desired to fall and also in the end his own downfall. He also builds his whole scheme on the weaknesses of noble natures and on their unsuspecting trustfulness. And lastly, Edmund is like Iago in that he is himself destroyed by the forces of evil which he himself has loosened.

I think Edmund is also very much like Richard III. But Richard III differs from Edmund and Iago both in one respect, i. e., he has no real motive for his villainy. He plays the game almost entirely for its own sake and becomes a perfect artist in villainy. Edmund's villainy is not quite so artistic as Richard's. We might say that he is not quite such a villain as Richard. As Edmund uses his illegitimacy as an excuse for his villainy, so Richard uses his bodily deformity, and determines to make his mind suit his body. Edmund

lacks the exquisite humor of Richard. And while Richard is as conscienceless as Edmund, there is a certain fascination about him which makes him much more attractive than Edmund. They both differ from Iago in that they are not malicious as he is.

On the whole while we know that Edmund is a "despicable villain," there is in him something that we admire, although there is nothing in him to respect. I think this something is best summed up in the following passage: "He (Shakespeare) had read human nature too heedfully not to know that courage, intellect and strength of character are the most impressive forms of power and that to power in itself, without reference to any moral end, an inevitable admiration and complacency appertains."

Welt Schmerz

Edith Avery, 15, Adelphian

I gaze upon the world
And see the ways of men:
I know that virtue, blinded,
Walks hand in hand with sin.
Seeds that were half forgotten,
By careless hand once sown
Are yielding now the whirlwind;
Each man receives his own.

Greed and strife and envy
Now choke the hearts of men,
And leave no trace of charity
To banish them within;
I gaze upon the world,
And see the ways of men:
'Tis love and pity 'wakened,
That give me courage then.

To Thaliarchus

Horace, Ode IV, Book I.

Katherine Erwin, '15, Adelphian

Thou seest how, gleaming against the western sky,
 Soracte, snow crowned, rears his lofty head;
 How laboring trees beneath their burdens sigh;
 And murmuring streams, by sharp ice stilled, seem dead.

So heap the fire wood high upon the hearth,
 And thaw the cold. From Sabine cask
 Draw forth, with generous hand and genial mirth,
 The mellow wine, while comrades bask.

The rest leave to the gods, at whose command
 The fierce winds warring on the deep are still,
 The lashed cypress, dear to Pluto's land,
 Has rest, so too the ash tree on the hill.

Ask not tomorrow's fate, but gain a truth
 From each day Fortune gives. Today is thine
 For love and dance, while thou art yet a youth,
 Till vigour into crabbed age decline.

In morning hours you're powerless to resist
 The glorious Field of Mars with all its games;
 But night betrays the happy hour of tryst,—
 When plazas echo lover's whispered names.

Then, too, is sought the secret hiding place
 Whence comes that welcome laugh, betraying her
 Who hides. To snatch a pledge there's next a race
 To make her, nothing loath, her ring transfer.

Uncle Ike's Georgia Watermillion

Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian

On a dark, stormy night in early spring, we children were gathered around my grandmother's huge kitchen fireplace. Uncle Ike, an old servant and "befo' de wah" slave of my grandfather's, sat in his accustomed place in the chimney corner, peacefully smoking his long-stemmed, corn-cob pipe. His peaceful state did not last long, however, for before we five grandchildren had been in his presence ten minutes, all of us began clamoring for a story or song.

"Sing 'Massa's in de Cole, Cole, Groun''," began eight year old Tommy.

"Naw, Uncle Ike's going to tell us a terrible 'citing story, 'cause he's been promising us one a long time," announced dictatorial Jimmy.

"Yes, tell us a story, Uncle Ike," the rest of us pleaded.

"Aw, go 'long, chilluns, an' lemme 'lone," responded Uncle Ike apparently annoyed, but really pleased.

Uncle Ike was never happier than when telling his "befo' de wah" stories or singing old plantation melodies to the accompaniment of his time-worn banjo. We knew this, and we knew also that the usual coaxing and teasing was all that was needed. It was not long, therefore, before he uttered his favorite expression:

"Wall, ef I mus'!"

There was a long pause after this, during which he sat with his legs crossed and his head thrown back, meditating and taking occasional puffs at his pipe.

Without, the wind shrieked and howled mournfully around the old colonial house; and the pitter-patter of the rain as it beat unceasingly against the shutters, seemed as so many approaching footsteps. Within, the lights had been blown out because of the storm. So the room was dark, save when a flash of lightning made us huddle close together, or an occasional flicker of the smouldering flame on the hearth cast ghostly shadows over the room. It was just the time, therefore, for the "terrible 'citing story" which Jimmy had re-

quested. If we had hoped for this we were soon to be disappointed; for soon Uncle Ike began in his drawling way:

"Wall, I'll tell you one dat you ain't never heard befo'— 'bout de Georgia Watermillion."

A sigh of disappointment passed around the room; whereupon, the old daky, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, murmured:

"Guess it'll be 'citin' 'nough fer you."

There was another long pause, after which he again began:

"Wall, 'twuz corn plantin' time, an' I disremember 'zaactly, but I think I wuz erbout 'leben yeahs old, anyhow 'twuz erbout some twenty years 'fore de wah begun. Massa, whut's yo' dead gran'pa now, hed been erway off somewheer—ter South Carliny, I b'lieve—fer 'bout a week. One day 'bout twelve o'clock, he come home an' brung—whut d'ye reckon?"

"Automobile!" guessed Tommy.

"Tommy Landon! Who ever heard of people having automobiles before the war?" Jimmy burst forth. "I guess it was that Georgia watermelon."

"And who ever heard of anybody having watermelons at corn planting time, Mr. Smart-Aleck Jimmy Landon?" fired back Tommy.

"I guess 'twas an Indian," said another.

"Well, I guess it was a new silk dress for grandmother," said Sadie.

"Now, ain't nary single one uv you guessed right," said Uncle Ike. "'Twon't no autermobile, 'twon't no watermillion, 'twon't no injun, 'twon't no silk dress fer yer gran'ma. 'Twuz a nigger! Now whut d'ye think uv that? A big, high, black nigger hit wuz—with great, shiny, wallin' eyes, an' de fiercest look in his face! An' we purty soon dis-civered dat he won't only curious in his looks, but in his doin's too. He wouldn't talk none hardly ner have nothing ter do wid de rest uv Massa's niggers—'cept when he tuk a notion to. An' he'd do some uv de quairest things sometimes! Wall, all de ole fo'ks wuz mighty 'spicious uv 'im. Some uv 'em say they don't b'lieve he wuz rale bright, an' some uv 'em say they b'lieve he wuz er convict just 'scaped from

jail. Anyhow, ebery one uv 'em keep on growin' more 'spic-ious 'bout him. An' all de young fo'ks—'specially us chil-luns—wuz jest nachelly scared to death uv 'im.

"One day 'long in watermillion time Missus sent me 'cross de creek ter Marse Cunnin'ham's fer some aigs. On de way 'twixt heah an' dere—in a kind uv a low, swampy place—dey wuz a watermillion patch; an' in dis patch dey wuz one uv de biggest an' finest Georgia watermillions you eber laid eyes on. Massa hed been savin' dis special watermillion fer nigh on a week fer some big comp'ny whut wuz comin' purty soon. So ter keep us niggahs frum pullin' it, he had tole us dat de watermillion patch wuz hainted. An' I tell you we didn't go dere no mo'—naw, siree! 'Case fo'ks used ter be a whole lot more 'spicious den whut dey air now. So when Missus sent me a'ter de aigs dat day, I ain't stoppin' ter eben look at dat watermillion patch. But I hustles by dat place as fast as I kin. 'Twuz purty nigh sun-down when I sot out; so when I hed got de aigs frum Marse Cunnin'ham's an' started back 'twuz plum dark—'cept de moon wuz shinin' mighty bright. An' dere wuz dat hainted watermillion patch ter go by! My heart wuz goin' thump, thump, all de way back, an' when I got nigh dat watermillion patch seem like I hed two er three hearts all a thumpin' at de same time. Ebery black stump I seed I thought 'twuz one ob dem haints. Bime by I hed jest got past dat place an' wuz beginnin' ter draw a good long breath one more time when—I seed a great high, black sumpun dat I knowed won't no stump, 'case it wuz a comin' right straight towa'ds me. De Lawd bless yo' souls! Ef a nigger eber turned white in his life I did right den. An' it keep on drawin' nigher an' nigher, till t'reckly I seed it 'twuz dat same big nigger—with his great skeerful, wallin' eyes a shinin' an' lookin' right fierce! Den de next minute, I seed he had a big knife in his hand. Lawd! whut wuz I ter do? All de time I kep a praying' to de Lawd not ter let dat nigger come a step closer; but it didn't do no good, 'case in a minute he stood stock still befo' me. De house wuz a full ha'f mile erway; an' anyhow, I jest knowed dat ef I wuz ter run he'd jab dat knife in me. Wall, whut wuz I gwin'er to? I stood thar jest nachelly shakin' frum head ter

foot an' my tongue stickin' so tight to de roof uv my mouf dat I couldn't er spoke ef I'd a had to. So dere we stood—nary one uv us a sayin' a word. Den t'reckly he tuk a step closer an' say in a voice terrible hoarse an' husky-like:

“ ‘Foller me!’

“Wall, I jest nachelly didn't know whut upon de yearth ter do. I knowed ef I stayed dere or ef I do whut he say, I wuz soon goin' ter be a dead niggah. So's jest as well one way as ernother. I 'cided de best thing ter do might be ter mind 'im. So I walked on 'hind a few steps; but when I seed he wuz a makin' straight fer dat hainted water-million patch, I stopped still. When he look back an' see I hed stopped stock still he say in de same hoarse an' husky-like voice:

“ ‘Come on!’

“Wall, I started off ergin, but I wuz gittin' so weak an' sick I couldn't hardly move. Den t'reckly he look back ergin an' when he seed I warn't hardly a movin', he say:

“ ‘Make 'aste!’

“We wuz now a gittin' close ter de place whut Massa hed tole us wuz de bery haintiest place uv all, an' still my tongue stuck so tight I couldn't holler fer help ner speak a word. Den I noticed dat he kep a lookin' down all erbout 'im lak he wuz a lookin' fer sumpun dat he couldn't find. T'reckly a'ter he'd gone on dat way fer a minute er two he stop stock still lak as ef he'd foun' whut he'd been a lookin' fer. He rubbed his hands 'cross de keen edge uv de knife ter see ef 'twuz sharp an' den he turn his big skeerful eyes roun' on me, an' say:

“ ‘Come closer!’

“Wall, I jest nachelly couldn't move er step 'cause I knowed my time hed come. I opened my mouf ter scream an' beg 'im not ter kill me, but still I couldn't make a sound. Den t'reckly he stoop down lak he wuz a 'zaminin' sumpun. Whut upon yearth could he be er doin'? I 'cided mebbe 'twuz ernother niggah a lyin' down dere asleep whut he wuz gwin'er kill 'stead uv me. But whut had he brung me wiv 'im fer? Mebbe ter help 'im kill dat yother niggah. Any-

how I 'gun ter git interested; so I tuk a few steps closer ter see whut he wuz a doin'. An' whut d'ye reckon I seed?"

For the next half minute—but what seemed to us an hour—he kept us in breathless suspense.

"You don't guess nothin' dis time?" he said at last. "Wall, dat niggah hed dat sharp knife er cuttin' de big red heart out —"

His eyes twinkled mischievously as we clutched hold of each other and screamed.

"Yas, he wuz a cuttin' de big red heart out ob dat big Georgia watermillion—ter gib ter me!" he concluded, smacking his lips as if he could still taste it.

An Evening Scene

Annie E. Bostian, '14, Cornelian

When all the world is sinking into rest,
And night begins to fall on all the land,
The workman homeward turns with tools in hand
And nears the little cottage round the crest.

Behind the window pane his children stand
To watch as he approaches o'er the moor;
And as he nears, they rush to ope' the door,
Each striving for a welcome from his hand.

All gather round the fireside of the hearth,
To rest the father's heart with peaceful joy.
The cheerful hours go by without alloy,
And all his heart is filled with wholesome mirth.

Nine finds them round the slowly dying fire,
Each bowed in reverence while the father reads,
And kneeling asks God's care for all their needs.
Then soon they all to welcome rest retire.

The Madonna in Art

Eva Jordan, '13, Adelprian

The Madonna, the universal type of motherhood, is a subject which appeals to all classes of people. No one is too ignorant to understand it, and no one too wise to be superior to its charm. Century after century the artist has represented this theme of mother love until we have an accumulation of Madonna pictures so great that none would dare to estimate their number.

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Legends of the Madonna," has given something of the origin of the worship of the Madonna, which is as follows:

"Through all the most beautiful and precious productions of human genius and human skill which the Middle Ages and the Renaissance have bequeathed to us, we trace, more or less developed, more or less apparent, present in shape before us, or suggested through inevitable associations, one prevailing idea: it is that of an impersonation in the feminine character of beneficence, purity, and power, standing between an offended Deity and poor, sinning, suffering humanity, and clothed in the visible form of Mary, the mother of our Lord.

"To the Roman Catholics this idea remains an indisputable religious truth of the highest import. Those of a different creed may think fit to dispose of the whole subject of the Madonna either as a form of superstition or a form of art. But merely as a form of art, we cannot in these days confine ourselves to empty conventional criticism. We are obliged to look further and deeper; we must take the higher ground perilous though it be; we must seek to comprehend the dominant idea lying behind and beyond the mere representation. For, after all, some consideration is due to facts which we must necessarily accept, whether we deal with antiquarian theology or artistic criticism; namely, that the worship of the Madonna did prevail through all the Christian and civilized world for nearly a thousand years; that, in spite of errors, exaggerations, abuses, this worship did comprehend certain great elemental truths interwoven with our human nature, and to

be evolved perhaps with our future destinies. Therefore did it work itself into the life and soul of man; therefore has it been worked out in the manifestations of his genius; and therefore the multiform imagery in which it has been clothed, from the rudest imitations of life, to the most exquisite creations of mind, may be resolved, as a whole, into one subject, and become one great monument in the history of progressive thought and faith, as well as in the history of progressive art.

“Of the pictures in our galleries, public or private, the largest and most beautiful portion have reference to the Madonna,—her character, her person, her history. It was a theme which never tired her votaries—whether as in the hands of great and sincere artists, it became one of the noblest and loveliest, or, as in the hands of superficial, unbelieving, time-serving artists, one of the most degraded. All that human genius, inspired by faith could achieve of best, all that fanaticism, sensualism, atheism, could perpetrate of worst, do we find in the cycle of those representations which have been dedicated to the glory of the Virgin. And indeed the ethics of the Madonna worship, as evolved in art, might be not unaptly likened to the ethics of human love: so long as the object of sense remained in subjection to the moral idea—so long as the appeal was to the best of our faculties and affections—so long was the image grand or refined, and the influence to be ranked with those which have helped to humanize and civilize our race; but so soon as the object became a mere idol, then worship and worshippers, art and artists, were together degraded.”

There is so much material to be found on the study of the Madonna in Art that it would be discouraging for one to try to study it if there were not some method of classification. It has been found to be a very successful plan to use as the basis of the classification the Virgin as represented without the infant child and the Virgin with the child.

Some of the earliest representations of the Virgin in existence place her before us as an object of religious veneration, but the predominant idea is not that of her maternity. No doubt she was originally venerated as the mother of the Saviour Christ; but in the most ancient monuments of the

Christian faith, she appears simply as a veiled female figure, not in any way characterized.

When the worship of the Virgin came to us from the east, with it came the Greek classical type, with something of the oriental or Egyptian character. She stands before us with her Son, and the apostles or saints on each side taking the subordinate position, then we are to regard her not only as the mother of Christ, but as the second Eve, the mother of all suffering humanity.

About the middle of the thirteenth century we find the first indication of a departure from the lifeless formal type of Byzantine art which was a more animated treatment of the Virgin. These early representations of the Virgin are called "The Virgin in Glory."

The second division of the Virgin without the infant is the coronation of the Virgin. This represents Christ in the act of crowning his mother. It is one of the most popular and beautiful subjects in the whole range of mediaeval art. In many of the Italian churches there is a chapel especially dedicated to the Virgin in this type; and both in Germany and Italy it is a frequent subject as an altar-piece.

In all the most ancient examples, it is Christ only who places the crown on the head of his mother, seated on the same throne and placed at his right hand. In some of the later examples the Virgin is seated between the Father and the Son, both in human form; they place the crown on her head, each holding it with one hand, the Holy Spirit hovering above.

Next we have the representations of the Virgin as a dispenser of mercy on earth, as protectress and patroness either of all Christendom, or of some particular country. In such pictures as these she stands with her arms outstretched; her robe which is extended on each side is held up by angels, while under the robe are gathered worshippers and votaries of all ranks and ages.

One of the most important treatments of the Madonna under this head is the "mourning mother". There are three distinct representations of the "mourning mother". The first is *Mater Dolorosa*, in which she appears alone seated or

standing figure, often the head or half length only; the hands clasped, the head bowed in sorrow with the whole expression intensely mournful. The second is the *Stabat Mater* in which the Virgin, from the earliest times, was placed on the right of the Crucifix, St. John the Evangelist, being invariably on the left. The usual attitude of the Virgin is that of intense but resigned sorrow; the hands clasped, the head bowed and shaded by a veil, the figure closely wrapped in a dark blue or violet mantle. The third is the *La Pieta* which consists only of the Virgin with her dead Son in her arms, or on her lap, or lying at her feet; in some instances with lamenting angels, but no other person.

The last and latest subject in which the Virgin appears without the infant, is called the "*Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin*", and sometimes merely "*The Conception*". This was not a treatment in the earlier art schools, but it was one of the most popular subjects in Italy and Spain during the seventeenth century. In this treatment it is the sinless Virgin, in her personal character, who is held up to reverence, as the purest, wisest, and holiest, of created beings. The Virgin is a full length figure in *The Conception* and is usually represented with all the beauty painting can express.

The Madonna with the child is a more interesting study. The pictures under this head are divided into two groups. The first is based on the style of composition in which the picture is painted; the second, on the subject which it treats.

There are five general styles of composition, namely: The Portrait Madonna, The Madonna Enthroned, The Madonna in the Sky, The Pastoral Madonna, and The Madonna in a Home Environment.

The first Madonna pictures with the child that we know anything about are of the portrait style, and are of Byzantine or Greek origin. The figures in the Portrait Madonna are in half-length against an indefinite background. In the first pictures of this type, the Virgin has a meagre, ascetic countenance, large, ill-shaped eyes, and an almost peevish expression; her head is draped in a heavy, dark blue veil, falling in stiff folds.

At the beginning of the Italian Renaissance, the old style

of portrait Madonnas passed away and a new or improved style was introduced. More elaborate backgrounds were used. Raphael, however, still used the indefinite background, in which there are no details to divert the attention from pure motherhood, as we see in the Granduca Madonna and the Madonna of the Chair.

The Enthroned Madonna, where the setting is some kind of throne or dais, begins in the history of art development about the first of the thirteenth century. The throne may be of any size, shape, or material, the composition may consist of any number of figures. The Madonna, seated or standing, is the center of a number of persons grouped about her. There is little or no unity of action among them; each one is an independent figure.

In the Madonna in the Sky, or the "Madonna in Gloria", the figures are set in the heavens, as represented by a glory of light, by clouds, by a company of cherubs, or by simple elevation, above the earth's surface. This treatment of the Madonna involves many technical difficulties of composition, and demands a high order of artistic imagination. In the period of greatest artistic work, it was not a subject of frequent treatment, and no modern painter has shown any adequate understanding of the subject.

It was a long time before the idea of a landscape setting was introduced. It was during the sixteenth century before the pastoral Madonna, in its highest form, was first produced. In the ideal pastoral, the landscape entirely fills the picture, and it seems that the figures are an integral part of it. Raphael has come nearer to giving us ideal pastoral Madonnas than any other artist. In his earliest Madonnas his love for natural scenery is shown. Three of Raphael's Pastoral Madonnas are among the world's great favorites. They are: The Beautiful Gardener, The Madonna in the Meadow, and The Madonna of the Goldfinch. In each one, the typical Tuscan landscape fills the whole picture with its beauty. In the foreground of each scene sits a beautiful woman with two charming children at her knee. They belong to the scene as naturally as the trees and flowers.

The Madonna has never been treated to a great extent as

a domestic subject, represented in the interior of her home. It forms only a small group in the great body of art. It is, however, worth mentioning for there are some good representations of this group. A typical German example is the Holy Family by Schongauer. "The Virgin is seated in homely surroundings, intent upon a bunch of grapes which she holds in her hands, and which she has taken from a basket standing on the floor beside her."

We come now to the aspects of motherhood displayed in Madonna pictures. The three relations that have been represented between the mother and children are: Love, Adoration, and Witness.

Perhaps the most popular of all Madonna pictures and the most easily understood is the Madonna of Love. In this the mother shows in many ways her affection for the child. She clasps him in her arms, holding him to her breast, pressing her face to his, kissing him, caressing him, or playing with him. Love is written in every line of her face. The simplest styles of composition are the ones that are best adapted to this idea of motherly love. We find more examples of this subject among the Portrait Madonnas, Pastoral Madonnas, and the Madonnas in a home environment, than in the Enthroned or Enskyed Madonnas. It does not require a technical artistic education in order to see and appreciate the mother's love that is shown in Raphael's Madonna of the Chair.

The Madonna in Adoration represents the Virgin Mary adoring her son. Sometimes she kneels before him, sometimes she sits with clasped hands holding him in her lap. Whatever the attitude, the thought is the same: it is an expression of that higher, finer aspect of motherhood which regards infancy as an object not only of love, but of reverent humility.

The Madonna as Witness is the subject in which the mother is pre-eminently the Christ-bearer, wearing the honors of her proud position as witness to her son's great destiny. Her highest joy is to present him to the world for the fulfillment of his calling. As a subject of art, this phase in the character of the Virgin requires a different treatment from the Madonna of Love or the Madonna in Adoration. The attitude and expression of the Virgin are suitable to her office

as the Christ-bearer. Both mother and child, no longer absorbed in each other, direct their glance towards the people to whom he is given for a witness.

Springtime

Amelie Adams, Cornelian

Oh, there's wonder in the atmosphere,
The days are bright and fair.
There's gladness now on everything,
There's Springtime in the air.

The sky is blue as blue can be;
The world is dressed in green,
The dew-washed sun is burnished gold;
The air is sweet and clean.

The flowers—ah! no pen can paint
The beauty of them all,—
The sweetness of the violet,
The stately rose so tall,

The lily and the daffodil,
Hyacinth and azalia,
Blending now their sweet perfume
With the sweet-pea and the dahlia.

The birds are calling blithely out,
Their voices true and clear,
Singing their song of love and Spring,
Best season of the year.

The Poetry of John Charles McNeill

Effie Newton, '14, Adelpgian

The poetry of John Charles McNeill, one of the foremost writers of North Carolina, is familiar to all the poetry lovers of our state. As readers of his poetry doubtless know, he was born and reared at the country home of his father in Scotland County, near the banks of the Lumbee River. During his early childhood he roamed the forests and the banks of the Lumbee, and was familiar with all the spots and haunts of the neighboring woods. Here, as he was growing up, he learned to love the out of doors and was truly nature's child. All of his poems on nature and home were suggested by these haunts of his boyhood days.

Once, when he was roaming the woods alone, he found in the trunk of an old tree, a mother o'possum and five of her young ones. He was very anxious to capture the nest of o'possums, but had no way to carry them home. The only plan he could think of was to carry them in his trousers. So taking off his trousers, he tied up each leg. He then put the mother o'possum in one of the legs and the young ones in the other, and went home with them across his shoulders. This incident was afterwards the occasion of one of his poems.

During his boyhood days, as well as after he had grown to manhood, nothing pleased him better than to steal away to the log cabins of the negroes on his father's and other adjoining farms. Here he would sit for hours listening to their beliefs and tales of superstitions. The neighborhood darkies were as fond of him as he was of them and were as eager to tell their experiences as he was to listen to them. In no other way than by direct contact could he have received the clear insight into their beliefs which gave him the power to portray these in such perfect dialect. In his *Lyrics from Cotton Land*, the opening poem is addressed to "Mr. Nigger", and throughout we find the life of the negro revealed in a way that no other southern writer has had the power to surpass and few others to equal.

Most of his poems were not written from the impulse of the moment, but were the results of the experiences of his boyhood days. The following, however, is an exception: John Charles and his brother were in Charlotte when a big circus was in town. He and his brother were sitting in the hotel watching the street parade and trying to recognize a few of the animals, when John Charles suddenly pulled out a pencil and pad and said he was going to write a poem on "Noah's Ark". In about five minutes he handed over to his brother the poem of thirteen stanzas.

The chief charm of John Charles McNeill's poetry lies in the fact that he had such a perfect knowledge of what he had to say and then said it so clearly and simply. This was due to the fact that most of his poems were taken from his actual experience. *Old Aunt Pleasant*, *Blue Britches Tommy Smith*, *Old Man Jesse Covington*, and other characters he mentions in his poems were people that he had known from his boyhood. *Holding off the Calves*, one of his most delightful and most widely read poems, was a task which the poet had often experienced.

The most delightful and most charming of all his poems, is his *Sundown*. This poem is the inscription on his tomb in the family burying ground at Spring Hill. We feel the sentiment of this poem more than at any other time, when we climb the hill to the poet's grave and read on his tomb in words which could not be more fitting:

"Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The Star of Peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

"We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in Thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

Why Billy Did Not Laugh

Daisy Hendley, Adelphian

"Whut you doing?" asked Billy, rounding the corner of his neighbor's woodshed and finding Bobby chopping wood.

"Looks like I'm choppin' wood," Bobby made answer as he swung his axe on high. The visitor seated himself on a pile of wood nearby, and after a few minutes' silence began confidentially, "I've got the funniest thing thought up." Because he must chop wood, Bobby was in a bad humor and returned, "You've always thought up the funniest thing every time I see you." He did not inquire what the "funniest thing" was.

Undaunted, Billy went on, "You know Aunt Jane's little ole dog that she loves better'n anything?" Bobby was silent. Knowing that the silent one was very well acquainted with the small dog in question, Billy continued, "Well, she's lost him. An' she's pretty near wild. Worser'n she was that time we tied a tin can to his tail." Here Billy giggled reminiscently, Bobby, off his guard, giggled too.

"Well, she's pretty near crazy to find him, and I've found him."

"Where?" Bobby was curious at last.

"He followed Sallie Bly home the other day, and I found him over there. I brought him home, but I hid him in the chicken house and never told Aunt Jane."

"Why?"

"'Cause I thought up the funniest thing ever we done yet. I'm goner fasten him in the well bucket, and let it down in the well apiece, and you're goiner hold the bucket there—"

"No, I ain't neither."

"—Whilst I go tell Aunt Jane I found her dog in the well. She'll just holler an' say, 'Horrors!'" He pranced on one foot in gleeful anticipation of Aunt Jane's sorrow.

"I ain't goiner have your Aunt Jane a pullin' my hair out."

"Aw—now Bobby."

In vain were all of Billy's pleadings. For the first time

in his life Bobby professed to find more pleasure in chopping wood than in aiding Billy to play a joke. So Billy went back home alone. He must play his joke, however, even if he must play it alone. He placed the meek little poodle dog in the well bucket, securely fastened a board over the top of the bucket, and there paused quite at a loss how to proceed. What should he do? Finally he lowered the bucket half way down into the well and placed a stone on the rope. Leaving the unfortunate dog thus suspended, he hastened into the sitting room where he found his mother and Aunt Jane sewing.

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" he exclaimed breathlessly, "I've, I've found your dog."

"Where, oh where?" she cried.

Sorrowfully, tragically, Billy announced, "In, in the well."

"Horrors!" and the poor aunt turned pale.

Just then the sound of a rapidly turning windlass fell upon Billy's ears. The bucket was going down into the well.

With real sorrow written on his countenance the young joker ran out of the back door followed by his mourning aunt and sympathizing mother. He found that the little dog in his efforts to get out, had jerked the rope from under the rock and was now in the bottom of the well.

"Aw, now, Aunt Jane," Billy consoled, "Don't take on so. I'll draw him up." As he quickly turned the windlass a bright idea flashed over him. Aunt Jane would love him forever as the savior of her dog. She would never know his trick he felt sure.

"There now, Aunt Jane, see Billy will save your little dog," said Billy's mother.

"Oh," moaned Aunt Jane, "I do hope he isn't dead. He just now fell in, didn't he, Billy?"

"Yes'm, just now."

When the bucket emerged from the well the onlookers saw that it was tightly covered with a board.

"Oh," cried Aunt Jane, "What on earth?"

"I forgot that old lid," and Billy snatched it off and pulled out the almost drowned dog.

"William, how did that dog get fastened in the well bucket?" demanded William's mother. After Billy had explained the matter of the imprisonment of the dog in the well bucket and the sudden precipitation of both to the bottom of the well, he sauntered over to Bobby's woodshed. He found that young man cracking nuts on the woodpile in quite a jovial humor. It was Bobby who spoke first.

"Well, did you fasten him in the well and run in an' tell Aunt Jane?"

"Yes," briefly.

"Did she near 'bout faint?"

"Near 'bout," gloomily.

"And did she run out to the well cryin' 'Horrors,' and you just laughed an'—"

"I never laughed."

"Why?" Bobby was amazed.

"'Cause. Tain't perlite."



Rural Advancement

Vera Millsaps, '15, Cornelian

George Washington said: "Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man." If he could say this when he lived, it would be interesting to know what he would say if he were living now. In the early days there was a rush to the country caused by homestead acts, but ignorance of soil preservation soon caused farming to be overdone and then there was a rush back to the cities. But when the people learned more of the science of agriculture by experience and when agricultural machinery began to develop, farming received a new meaning and a new life.

Agricultural conditions have improved much during the last century, but it is in just the last few years that they have made such strides forward, and today they are pointing forward to still greater development. Now the farmer is awakened, there are agencies to fit him better for his work, the increase in population demands a larger food production, there are methods to obtain more from the same amount of labor and territory, woman's work has been revolutionized, and the increased advantages serve to make rural life more enjoyable and attractive.

Once the tiller of the soil said: "I'm only a farmer." Now he holds his head proudly since he has come to realize that his position is not for mental or physical weaklings. He sees that there is just as great a necessity for knowledge and business principles in his work as there is in any other occupation. He is striving to put his work on a scientific basis and to know why as well as how a thing should be done.

There are many agencies that are seeking to fit the countryman better for his work. Great agricultural schools have sprung up which have for their aim the teaching of the present and future generations the science of farming. The Farmers' Bulletins, published by the United States Department of Agriculture, and sent out free upon request, represents "one of the most remarkable examples extant of the activities of a paternal government". They now include more

than 500 titles, running through an almost inexhaustively wide range of subjects of practical interest in connection with rural life and its industries. During the past year, bulletins were issued on "House Flies," "Good Roads," "Use of Concrete on the Farm," "Modern Conveniences for the Home," and many other subjects of similar importance. The people are using these bulletins very much as is indicated by the fact that, although the bulletins are published in large editions, the supply is constantly being exhausted. Agricultural papers are doing much to better farm conditions. It is only a very short time after a man begins to read a reliable farm paper intelligently till his farm shows evidence of it. Test farms have been established by the state governments and put in charge of a trained man to demonstrate the possibilities of correct farming. The simple and fundamental method of field demonstration worked out by Dr. S. A. Knapp has created a new interest. The Farmers' Institutes, Boys' Corn Clubs, and the Canning Clubs, have all contributed their share in better fitting the countryman for his work.

It is absolutely essential that the farmer should know more about his work, for the rapidly increasing population will soon demand a larger production of foodstuffs. By applying the methods of modern science to agriculture, the plant-breeder can double the food supply in the United States. A nation's food supply may be increased either by increasing the area cultivated or by increasing the yield per acre. Many methods are being discovered to obtain more from the same amount of territory and labor. An increase has already resulted from a better cultivation and handling of the soil, a more abundant and intelligent use of fertilizers, and from the selection and breeding of more productive seed varieties. In some counties men are employed to show the farmers how to get more from the same amount of land, and how to make what they produce of better quality.

All of this increase cannot be brought about by manual labor alone. The conservation of human energy is being effected by means of machinery, and more work is being done at less cost. During the years past, men have been "infantry" farmers, traveling wearily afoot, but the time of

“cavalry” farming has come. Riding plows and cultivators are coming to be used everywhere it is possible. Gasoline engines are now extensively used. In the United States there are 2,000,000 engines, the average of which is 7-horse power, on the farm today; 500,000 are being added annually. They are used to operate grist mills, crushers, peahullers, corn-shellers, wood saws, cane mills, pumps, churns, cream separators, washing machines. There is no man able to compete with one of these mechanical men in the amount of work turned out in a day nor in the cheapness with which such work can be accomplished. One man has termed the gasoline engine a civilizer, for with it have come such conveniences as bath rooms and electric lights, hitherto denied the farmer.

Just now special attention is being directed to the tractor, which is destined to become a greater labor and money saving agency than the gasoline engine. One man says that he uses a 14-horse power engine to pull a 6-gang disk plow. This outfit plows a strip of ground five feet wide and ten to twelve inches deep every time it goes around the field; in this way, it accomplishes the work of fifteen mules, five men, and five forty dollar plows. The expense of running the outfit is a great deal less than if the plowing had been done in the old way. The tractor can also be used for hauling, threshing wheat, and shredding corn. If the tractor should be adopted for general use, the big expense of buying and feeding so many horses would be saved. Statistics show that an average of five acres is needed for the support of one horse. This amount would support 15 people. On this basis the present support for horses would support 375,000,000 people, more than four times the present population of the United States. Extensive use of the tractor would solve the problem of food for the increasing population for a while at least.

All these applications of science and machinery have brought about an increase in the average value of farm lands and holdings. For example, the total value of farm property in North Carolina has increased 130 per cent. since 1900. Land alone has increased in value 141 per cent., buildings 115 per cent., live stock 108 per cent., implements and mach-

inery 103 per cent. Also a smaller percentage of the total value of property is under mortgage.

A change has taken place not only in the field but also in the home. Woman's work has been revolutionized. Devices to lighten and add to the pleasures of her work are constantly being added to the home. The science of her work is being taught in many of the schools. From them she is obtaining definite knowledge, and is coming to realize the importance of her work. She is beginning to see that ignorant negro cooks are but a "relic of slavery", and that it is of supreme importance what is prepared for her family to eat, and how it is prepared.

The advantages of rural life have increased with the development of the work on the farm and in the home. Life on the farm is much easier than it was fifty years ago. Railroads, telephones, rural free delivery, parcel post, labor saving devices, and good roads, all help to make life easier, to say nothing of its being made more pleasant by better schools, libraries, and well equipped modern homes.

It can plainly be seen from all these changes which are taking place that the awakened countryman is reaching out to greater fields of usefulness. Southern Farming says, "As regards truth now or at any future time, the ultimate will never be spoken. This is especially true of agriculture. As a science, it is as progressive as chemistry or electricity—and these two are exceedingly unstable propositions." The era of power farming has come, and it is destined to do as much for agriculture as mechanical power has done in manufacturing.

Dr. Walter H. Page says, "We are coming in sight of the time when the equilibrium between the town and the country will be set up; each will serve the other, neither will have an advantage over the other, American life will cease to be lopsided. To bring this about is the most interesting thing there is to do now." He believes that where the land and the people are both properly cared for, literary production will be greatly stimulated. Much good literature has been written about Devonshire, England, where they have hedges, lawns,

roads, and lanes to increase in beauty for a thousand years. "All things come in a great democracy of men who trust one another, a democracy that really believes in itself and that rests on a careful, happy people who till their own soil well."

Ode XXIII, Horace

Ethel Thomas, '15, Cornelian

Chloe, you shun me like a fawn
That seeks its mother through the dawn
O'er the mountains, trackless, high,
Fearing the breezes as they sigh
Through the forests.

Perchance new Spring the leaves has shaken,
Or green lizards may have taken
On new life, and moved the brambles,
For the fawn amid its rambles
Stands in fear.

As useless, Chloe, is thy fright
As the fawn's; shun not my sight.
Would I thee, a tender maid—
Timid, helpless, make afraid?
Banish, then, thy fear.

Chloe, when at length you're grown
You'll no more be prone to roam
As you do in childish play;
You no more will keep the way
Following your mother.

An Incident of the Revolution

Annie E. Bostian, '14, Cornelian

Stories have been handed down to us of the long weary winter of 1781 when the southern campaign of the Revolution was being carried on in the Carolinas. Soldiers were destitute—penniless and hungry; some ready to give up in despair. The commander-in-chief, after the retreat of the southern army, in his report to Washington, said, "My men left blood stains on the snow."

One day in February, during this long, rough winter, the rain was pouring in torrents and the wind was blowing fiercely. Just before nightfall the rain ceased a little and near the roadside on the old highway leading from Charlotte to Salisbury, a lone cavalier was stationed with his military cape drawn close about him, a silhouette in the gloomy shadows. The horse and rider had waited for hours, patiently looking towards the south. Occasionally a cannon boom in the far distance caused the horse to lift his ears. But presently, a sound nearer home than that came to the ears of the watchers—a horseman rode into the narrow circle of view.

"Is that you sergeant?" asked the watcher.

"Yes sir," answered the other.

"What news? I have been waiting patiently for the militia and not a man has come. I trust there is nothing wrong."

"Everything is wrong," answered the rider. "Davidson is dead and the militia are scattered to the winds. Cornwallis is over the Catawba and is in camp five miles this side of the river."

"You bring bad news," said the watcher as quitting his long vigil, he put spurs to his horse and rode in the splashing mud to Salisbury. Ah, what a sad picture of dejection and disappointment he was as he rode into Salisbury. All was dark except one lone light at the inn. Dr. Read, who was in charge of the sick and wounded, heard the approaching rider and opened the door for him. In the light of the glowing fire, who should our cavalier be but General Nathanael

Greene. Noticing Greene's dejected looks and despondent attitude, Dr. Read made anxious inquiries. The general answered him in five words, which seemed to lay open his whole soul: "Yes, fatigued, hungry, alone, and penniless." Little did he realize that these words, full of despondency, would sink deep into the heart of his landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Maxwell Steele. The kind sympathetic woman hastily prepared a bountiful repast, smoking hot, and set it before the general. All this while the words, "hungry, alone, and penniless" seemed to ring in her ears. They struck a responsive chord in her breast. The fate of the patriotic cause seemed to lie in these words. She soon retired from the room. She hurriedly came back and closed the door behind her. The general was sitting at the table with bowed head but when she came in he looked up. From under her apron Mrs. Steele drew two bags of gold specie and said to General Greene: "Here, take them, you have need of them, and I can do without."

Is it possible to realize how much was lifted from the general's heavy laden heart. Aside from the material good he received from the gift, it brightened his heart to know that the women of the south were ready to lend a helping hand. His biographer says, "Never did help come at a more opportune time."

Before leaving the inn, General Greene took from the walls of one of the apartments a picture of King George III and wrote on the back, "O George, hide thy face and mourn." He artfully replaced the picture with its face to the wall and took up his famous retreat through North Carolina.

The Cape Fear at High Tide

Hazel Black, '13, Cornelian

Early one morning in August my brother called me up over the telephone and told me that if I wished to have an unusual experience to come and go with him on a trip up the river. He gave me no idea of just what the nature of the "experience" was to be, but knowing from past invitations of the same nature that trips up the river with him usually meant two or three days of splendid fun, I hurriedly packed my grip and set off for the wharf. When I met him I found that this particular trip was to be a thirty-five mile ride on a small steam tug up the river which, owing to the recent heavy rains, was higher than it had ever been known to rise before.

The captain of the boat objected very seriously to taking me on board. The intense strength of the swollen current which would be flowing steadily against us, together with the great amount of trash being washed down, made the trip so dangerous that the firm had hesitated to let the boat make its regular trip. Finally, with the unassuring remark that "There was no telling just when or where they might break down, or what would happen to us if they did; but if we wished to take our chances, he was willing," he allowed us to go on board. My brother's practical knowledge of the boat and the river reassured me and left no room for fear in me in spite of the captain's warning.

In a few minutes the signal was given to start. The little boat which had been straining and pulling at her ropes, fairly bounded out into the current as soon as it was loosed. In a moment's time the mighty current had her in its grip and, half turned round in her course, she was being heaved jerkily on the choppy waves. For the next few minutes all was confusion on board; the engineer was shouting directions to the fireman, the pilot clanging his bell incessantly, the captain shouting directions to everybody, and the deck-hands rushing wildly about. It truly seemed as if I was to get my unusual experience quite early! Finally the boat was turned back

into its course, but there it stood perfectly still, every timber in it creaking and cracking under the strain, not advancing an inch although it was standing its own bravely. Then a violent racket came from the engine room and with a violent shudder, the boat jumped forward for a short space; then she gave another jump, less spasmodic than the first, then another and another, till at last we were moving along comparatively smoothly though very slowly. Never have I seen such a beautiful fight as that little tug put up during the first hour of that ride! With what bravery she put her slender little prow into those waves and sturdily rode through them!

After we had really gotten under way, I began to notice the river. Even in the city I had been able to see how very high the water was, though there it had been held in check by the wharves, but when we reached the country it seemed as if the whole world must be flooded. There was no trace of the former banks, and the broad rice fields to the right and left were covered as far as the eye could reach with water, thick with mud and all kinds of flotsam gathered up on its way down. To prevent this floating trash from getting into the wheel and clogging it, a man with a long gigpole was stationed on the prow to push it aside. And not one minute's rest did he have, for the surface of the water was almost covered all the time. Here a great pine log passed, its heavy butt acting as a pivot for its long slender trunk which spun about like a bewitched "flying-jenny", whirling first to one side and then to the other. Uprooted trees, their wet and bruised leaves hanging heavy, slid by. Everywhere the water was covered with leaves, roots, flowers, and chips. To one side a large old stump, completely covered with wild roses bobbed up and down while the profusion of little pink flowers seemed to half close up with fright over their strange journey. Occasionally a door snatched from some barn or fisherman's cottage, a panel of fence, a chicken coop, or a small dairy house would be jerked by. Once a battered and worn baby's high chair, suggesting sad thoughts of some poor man who had probably lost all of his household goods with it, went slowly by as if reluctant to go so far from its home. A beautiful sweetgum through whose gorgeously early tinted leaves the water gurgled and

moaned with a strangely sad murmur, drifted by. Just behind it a slender young birch skipping sprightly along caught up with the sweetgum, nodded gayly to it, and went dancing on down stream. The old cedars whose tops were scarcely out of the water, nodded and sighed mournfully to the tall cypresses and poplars on the other side of the river. Time after time farm animals were carried by with the other flotsam, sheep, hogs, calves, chickens, and once even a mule. Once a big barn door, on one end of which a little lamb was balancing himself with great difficulty and bleating pitifully for aid while on the other a big moccasin was coiled, moved by heavily. The very water seemed to realize the mischief it was doing and to take so much pity for this strange life boat that it handled it with care.

Dotted along the banks—or what was formerly the banks—cottages, some with only the roof visible, some with the water up above the window ledges, looked miserably about on the desolate scene. Behind them the tops of the corn stalks could be seen struggling up out of the muddy water. Occasionally a poor man could be seen in a rowboat paddling about his old home seeing if there was any way for him to protect his property. At one point, between the junction of a creek with the river, a little island had been formed with a dozen cattle on it. They were now rushing wildly about seeking to get away from their perilous herding pen. Distressed lowing of cattle from all directions added much to the general misery. Indeed, the whole river and adjoining country presented a picture of desolation and despair that cannot be described.

By six o'clock that afternoon, by looking far ahead, I saw our little town at which we were to "tie up". I certainly was not sorry that that strange ride was so nearly over. The wharf was completely covered with water and only the tops of the two one-story warehouses by it were visible. With care the boat slipped in between them, went two hundred yards in further and tied up finally to the window bars of a store. From there we were rowed to land.

The Poet of Happy Valley

Edith Avery, '15, Adelpian

At Happy Valley, in the very heart of the towering mountains, lived a great poet, who did not know that he was a poet. Day by day he toiled to make his living from the bare soil and, as he plowed the hard earth, he looked up at the surrounding hills and saw their wondrous beauty. When the day was done, and the west flamed with the glory of the reflected sun, he sat on the porch of his little cabin, and, as he sat, there came to his mind beautiful verses and exquisite melodies. Sometimes he thought of a verse that babbled as merrily as the little brook by the door; sometimes, when the first violets bloomed and the dogwood starred the hills, he hummed a lilt of spring, full of the beauty round about; sometimes, he attempted, and yes, almost succeeded, in painting in glowing verse a sunset over old Bald.

Day by day the poet lived on in happy contentment. He knew not that he had a wonderful gift, and perhaps his contentment was the greater because he did not know.

One day there came to Happy Valley a city professor, weary and worn with his work. Each afternoon he strolled among the many woodland paths and stopped, now and then, to hold a conversation with some one of the simple mountain folk whom he considered "a character".

One afternoon as the poet stood leaning on his plow and gazing at the west, where the great red ball of sun was dropping slowly to rest, the professor came by on the highway; but when he saw the poet, the professor seated himself on the old rail fence. "Here," he thought, "is an unusual man for this simple valley. He stops to appreciate a sunset, while every other native seems to ignore the beauty of it."

Very soon the poet turned and glanced at the man on the fence. "Howdy, stranger," he said, and turned once more to look at the wonderful sky.

"It is very pretty. You seldom see such sights, except in Switzerland," said the professor conversationally.

His listener did not answer for a moment. Then he

replied, "Some might call it just pretty; but it's more than that to me. It seems like God has painted a number of pictures, but this here is his masterpiece."

He dreamed on for a space, and then, in this mood, he began to speak aloud and yet all unconsciously the most beautiful description of a mountain sunset ever put in words.

The professor, amazed, listened eagerly to the words that fell from the poet's lips. He knew each verse by heart when the poet left off speaking, and he felt that the "masterpiece", as the poet called the sunset, had been marvelously painted in words. He thought at once that the world must know of this man. He would have this wonderful poem published signed with the man's name, of course, and he, the professor, would shine as the discoverer of a celebrity.

The poet awoke as if disturbed in his dreaming by the other's trend of thought. "You'll pardon me, stranger. I love the old hills and these sunsets, and they always get me to talking."

"Certainly, certainly," said the professor. "You really need not beg my pardon, sir. I owe thanks to you for a very pleasant and profitable half hour." He was off, running down the path, as pleased with his discovery of the "mountain bard" as a boy with a new kite.

When he reached the little farm house where he was staying, he wrote the wonderful poem down and hastened to the little store to mail it. In a day or two, the answer, which he so eagerly awaited, came. It was a note from the editor of a great monthly, and told him that the poem would be published almost at once. "And, dear Professor Grayson," wrote the editor, "bring your 'mountain bard' to the city. He's too far out of the reach of fame up there."

Soon the poem was published, and the world knew that a great poet lived in Happy Valley. The poet himself received the news of his fame from the professor. He was astounded, and would scarcely believe the professor's story until he saw the poem with his own name under the title.

"Come to the city," urged the professor. "You can be right at the center of things there. Ah, you of the country don't know what life is."

The poet smiled, and yielded. Like every dreamer, he had already seen the great future awaiting him in the city. To the city he went and the city received him with open arms. He was lionized at many a gathering.

He worked, too, early and late; but he seemed to himself never to have a fresh inspiration. He wrote out the old verses and melodies that had come to him on the little porch in Happy Valley, but after they were written he could write no more. He essayed to write something new and he failed, failed miserably in his own estimation.

Sick at heart, he went to the professor for help. "Get out in the city and give us something with the bustle of the city in it—the very throbbing of the hearts of the human beings gathered here," advised the professor.

"The bustle of the city," said the poet. "Man, I hate it! I hate it! It runs me distracted. I can't think for it."

The professor looked thoughtful. "Why don't you go back to Happy Valley," he said slowly. "You can think there. I made a mistake about the city's being the place for you."

The poet looked joyful in an instant at the mention of Happy Valley. "I believe you're right, professor. I'm leaving in an hour." An hour later he waved a happy farewell to his friend.

He arrived at Happy Valley late in the afternoon, and walked slowly up the path to his little home. All was as he had left it. He sat down on the porch and looked out over Happy Valley. Once more the sun was setting in all its glory. As the poet turned to look at it and the surrounding hills, he felt a flood of inspiration seize him. He knew now that he was a poet and here lay his inspirations. He would soothe the weary men of the city with his thoughts of the beauties of Happy Valley. As he thought thus, into his heart crept the peace of the silent hills.

Pope, the Social Satirist

As Seen in *The Rape of the Lock*

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

Alexander Pope, keen satirist ever, found in the theme of *The Rape of the Lock*—"What mighty contests rise from trivial things"—ample opportunity to display his especial powers of satire. A foolish lord clips a foolish lady's curl, and the foolish families of the lord and the lady thereafter fling foolish epithets most promiscuously; what better could the satirist poet ask?

And Pope made the best of his opportunity. In epic numbers, as his masters had sung the Fall of Ilion, so the eighteenth century poet celebrates the Fall of the Lock. He coolly entices upon the boards barefaced the peerage of his time, only that he may display their complexions clown-white behind the footlights of his satire. Not even sufficient make-up to present to the spectator their natural color will he grant to his victims, but inveigles the amateurs innocent into the limelight of ridicule. It is in this respect that Pope is here inferior to himself as a satirist. When he directs his shaft against some particular person, he is keen enough to "pass and salute a whole army of virtues" before he pierces the vulnerable spot; while here, where the subject is the higher class of society, in general, he grants no single virtue, but without compromise condemns the whole caste. It is hard to believe that the average man of the age of the terrible Dean, and, yes, of the age of Alexander Pope, was a Dapper-wit, or the typical woman a Belinda.

These people that Pope so ironically ridicules, what are they like? Why they are goblin-managed marionettes that sit and gossip reputations away in a veritable Punch and Judy fashion, that deem defeat at cards as disastrous as Priam's loss, that possess where wit at all, wit less than a hair's weight, filigree manikins! And the best of them are "hungry judges" who in their grossness

"Soon the sentence sign
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine."

The poet levels the mighty and exalts the mean until men, monkeys, and parrots, bibles and billets-doux become one and the same in importance. And the people, subject as they are to the caprices of eerie sylphs and gnomes, have become the laughing stock of the air.

Pope's man, what of him? A vapid Sir Fopling! His energy is spent in "courtly balls and midnight masquerades". His smooth brain is overwhelmed in the mighty business of being a beau! His altar at the shrine of the fair, is twelve French romances, his offering, three garters and a glove, and his sacrifice, lit with billets-doux, is inflamed by amorous sighs. Nothing about his "round unthinking face" redeems him from acting the senseless fop.

And the chief object of the satire, Woman? At least, the Nymph of *The Rape of the Lock*, is a finer creature than the man. With the help of the sylphs anyway, it is possible for her to become at the appointed time a "fierce virago" and to roar like jealous Othello. If only vanity, she does at least possess *that* spirit.

From early morning the dainty Belinda's one thought is indeed vanity. Half the day she spends upon her toilet, before her shrine, the dressing table; her evening she dallies in lightsome coquetry, her night in dreams of her own conquests. She is a graceful maid of sprightly, yet inconstant mind, courting popularity all the day, yet fascinating in loveliness. If you remember her faults, but "female errors"—"Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all", she cannot even be wicked.

Let her manteau be jerked awry and she suffers the pangs of Dido. All her life she is subject to strange fits of temper, and even if at times she does seem godly, to be sure, she has merely gone "in a pet to pray". Her truest love is for a lapdog, as her greatest antipathy is to a land where the game of ombre is unknown. She is a coward, afraid to show her likes and dislikes, afraid to be a friend to one disfavored by the mighty. The best that can be said of her is that her highest thought is of patches and powders. She is not woman enough to arouse the indignation of a real woman. She is just a pretty little lady on a fan.

A society made up of men and women such as these is the picture Pope so artfully painted. And so smoothly did he lay on the veneer of irony that his scorn was indeed invisible to its very victims. The fact that the fair Belinda, Miss Arabella Fermor, herself distributed copies of the poem as gifts among her friends, is perhaps the most signal of all tributes to the skillfulness of this satire!



Pope's Attitude Toward Woman

Eunice Sinclair, '15, Adelphian

Most great writers have spoken of woman in tones of reverent admiration. Indeed, one becomes quite accustomed to hearing woman praised as a glorious being but a little lower than the angels. After reading with much pleasure such noble lines as:

“A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light,”

it is a decided shock to find Pope remarking “slight is the subject”, and discoursing at length on woman's vanities and “female errors”. Yet, throughout his life Pope's attitude towards woman was cynical and sneering.

It is not hard to guess what lay back of this biting sarcasm towards the fairer sex. One may speak of the fury of a woman scorned, but even that rage is not more bitter and deadly than the poignant hatred and resentment of a man ignored. Had the lovely maids turned their sparkling graces upon Alexander Pope, he would probably have praised quite as effectively as he sneered. But how keen and well-aimed are his thrusts! He proclaims to the world, that though woman may seem witty, her brain is vacant; though she seem fair, her beauty is false; though she seem kind; her heart is a “moving toyshop”.

Yet instead of anger one feels a pitying contempt for Pope. There is something small, personal and unworthy in his satire. Beneath these sharp thrusts probably lies a deep longing for the soothing touch and gentle love that never came to this poor maimed creature.

Full in the face of the laughing contemptuous world, with a mighty force he hurled his only weapons, scathing sarcasm and brilliant wit.



Sketches

A Fishing Scene

E. Sinclair, '15, Adelphian

Once, when I was about ten years old, I went with my mother to Edenton, N. C., to visit my uncle, engaged in the government fisheries there. It was my first visit, of any length, on the coast, and I well remember my father's parting injunctions:

"Don't drink anything but bottled water, and whatever you do, don't go out in those little white boats—either of you!"

It was not the first time I had been warned against the "little white boats", and I thought of them with thrills of fearful anticipation—not at all understanding that the danger lay in the water rather than the boats. But fate, in the guise of relatives, decreed that my curiosity should soon be appeased.

When we arrived in Plymouth where we had intended spending the night, we found our hosts waiting to take us across the sound, in the Petrel, that very night. It was cool and a little rough; so we stayed in the small cabin. Somewhere about twelve o'clock I lost the thread of the conversation, and the next thing I knew everybody seemed talking at once:

"Oh, it's *such* a good chance, you must go!" "But I promised not to—" "The very idea! They only haul the seine at night and there's no danger, and—" "But it's after one, and I can't leave—" "Why, of course she must go, too,—come on."

Still half asleep, I was hurried out and lifted down into a small boat, alongside, which tossed and dipped perilously. Then I waked up, for by the lights on the deck above I could see it was a "little white boat!" We pulled off towards some

tiny spots of light wavering far across the water. Larger and brighter they grew until I saw they were blazing lightwood torches carried by men who were wading about in the water. We landed at a spot some distance from them and walked rapidly along the rough bank. I distinctly remember falling headlong over a fallen tree trunk, and it was then that I really caught a glimpse of the scene before me. For some distance up the beach—miles it seemed to me—were hundreds of fish—big fish, little fish, middle-sized fish, every kind of fish—some lying quivering on the sand and others leaping about in the shallow water. Numbers of snaky eels wiggled and twisted about in the maze. Here and there a big buck-shad would leap far into the air with a splendid flash of silver scales, only to fall back in the meshes of the net. Although the seine was hauled by machinery, there were many fishermen on the beach,—some holding the torches, and others picking up the fish and tossing them into great kegs. The flickering glare from the torches fell full upon their rugged features. The sound of men's deep voices in occasional snatches of song mingled with the noisy flapping and splashing of the fish. We stood in silence, fascinated by the scene.

Since the haul that night was not especially large, they soon determined the approximate estimate—which was eight hundred white shad. Then we rowed back to where the Petrel was anchored, the torchlights gleaming behind us in the distance like will-o'-the-wisps.

No doubt my dreams that night were filled with visions of flapping fish, uncanny eels, and deep voiced fishermen. Certainly it was a most interesting experience, and even now I can recall it with startling distinctness. Some time ago, I was told that the fishery had been closed, but I still hope to go back, sail across the sound to Capehart's fishery and see them haul the seine once more.

Some Spring Wild Flowers of North Carolina

Margaret Harper, '16, Adelpian

Everyone should have a hobby. It may be collecting stamps, or Indian relics, or phonograph records, but let every

person have something to take his mind from the cares of everyday life. For my own part, I can think of no more delightful hobby than wild flowers. No other hours of my life have been crowded so full of pure happiness as those spent afield, following wood road and by-path in search of their varied beauty. During this time I have learned to consider flowers, not as things, but as people, with as distinct personalities as human beings. It is my purpose then, to speak of the friends of field and wood, which I know best, and which I love most dearly.

However dear summer or autumn may be to the nature lover, it is spring that fills his cup of rapture to the brim. After the long flowerless months of winter, he is ready to fall down and worship before the shrine of the first blossom he finds. It is this fact that gives to the skunk cabbage of questionable beauty, and all too unquestionable odor, the place of honor which it holds among flowers.

But not all spring flowers are loved because of their time of blooming. At no season can there be found a more lovely blossom than the hepatica, ranging in color from pure white to deep purple, or than the dainty wind-blown anemone, that stars every shady hillside.

Wherever these two are found, one may look for blood root, with its halo of slender pointed white petals, and the waxen blossoms of May apple, drooping beneath their spreading umbrella leaves, so well protected that it takes a second glance to discover them.

The exquisite pink and white of arbutus, with its delicate odor, so typical of early spring, is loved by everyone; for only the violet can attempt to rival its popularity. It is no wonder, though, that the violet has lovers, such grace of bearing, such profusion of bloom, and such a wealth of varieties it possesses. It is given more than its just due in this last particular, however, for the tiny yellow lily, commonly known as dog tooth violet, is really no violet at all, but a member of the lily family.

One of the most common though one of the most lovely of our spring wild flowers, is the graceful pink trillium, which is so often confused with its earlier blooming cousin, the wake

robin, the latter is smaller, has petals the color of fetid meat, to attract the carrion flies, and an odor to correspond.

To speak of spring wild flowers, and not mention that loveliest of our wild orchids, the lady slipper, would be impossible. Poised on its slender stem, the blossom seems like a living creature, ready to take flight and vanish at a word. But ethereal as the flower seems, it has ever an eye to business; for the mechanism of this flower is wonderful. Only a bumble bee is strong enough to force its way through the slit in the bag-like lip of the flower, and once he is in, the door shuts fast upon him. Guided by the two tiny spots of light at the other end of his prison, he makes his way over the pistil on which he must leave some grains of pollen, to the honey glands at the base of the petal. Before he can make his way out, his hairy head must rub against the ripe anthers; in this way, he collects the pollen to be taken to the next flower he visits. It is not seldom that a hapless bee, either too weak or too bewildered to find his way out, perishes miserably in this gorgeous prison.

But lovely as are the low growing blossoms of spring, it is the flowering shrubs that give to the early landscape its color. And among this class the flowering dogwood is the most notable. This flower has always been a signal of spring in this country. The red man called it the white flag of truce between frost and sunshine. The finding of the rare and lovely pink variety marks a red letter day in the calendar of anyone.

Shad bush, and button bush, though not so common, are almost as lovely, and the pink and flame azalias of the hill-side forest are a joy to the beholder. No flowers of spring are more eagerly watched for than the feathery tassels of the alder.

The ethereal wild rose must be spoken of in a class by itself. This delicate blossom, revealing its greatest beauty only when seen in its native haunts, and among its proper surroundings, has been more celebrated by poets and musicians than almost any other flower that grows; and to my mind, it deserves it all, and more.

Our native vines, flinging themselves in wild abandon from

tree to tree, add much to the beauty of the woods, even when the flowers themselves are insignificant, like those of the tantalizingly fragrant wild grape. Wild clematis, and the rampant trumpet creeper, however, are beautiful because of the masses of their vivid flowers, the one with a blanket of feathery white, the other with its clusters of brilliant scarlet.

Let us put away for a while, then, our books, and wander forth into the beauty of roadside and forest, believing with Wordsworth that "one impulse from a vernal wood" may teach us more of man,

"Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

Coming Events

Edith Haight, '15, Adelpgian

The class gradually assembles; now by ones and twos, now by groups, the girls enter the room. Not calmly and quietly. There seems to be an impelling force which makes them glance eagerly from one to another, and speak excitedly. There is a confused murmur of "What do you know about so and so?" "Tell me who wrote——", "I know I am going to fail," "What did you study?" "I don't know a thing." The moment for the distribution of the paper has arrived. There is a little flutter; then a sort of breathless silence, broken only by the rattle of the paper. Varied are the facial expressions as the questions are read over. Some smile, some look solemn and shake their heads, others look blankly before them for several minutes, and still others without betraying any emotion whatever, begin in a matter-of-fact way to work. What a revelation—these expressions! At last all settle down to the business at hand. There is no sound except the occasional rustle of paper as someone takes a new sheet. A pencil drops and someone shudders. One student uses an eraser; another pauses to trim a pencil. But in all these movements there is ever present that one omnipotent idea—to write an acceptable answer to every question, within the allotted time. And then comes the question, "Can I do it?" Someone walks across the room for more paper; another follows

her example. Once again only the sound of the pencil lead moving across paper or the turning of a sheet is heard. The air seems charged with electricity. Writing, writing, writing!—how the pencils fly. Some bend closely over their paper with pencils grasped tensely; some sit erect with pencils held easily; some rest their heads on one hand; others take various positions, but all write—continually write. One folds her paper, straightens up, looks over the result of her labors, making a few corrections perhaps, then gathers her pencils, erasers, knives, and what not, together, hands in her paper and leaves the room. The tension in the atmosphere grows greater immediately. There is a little flurry; pencils fly faster, paper rustles more insistently. “Will I get through?” In a short time another goes through the same process of departure. Now they leave, two and three at a time. There is an atmosphere of relaxation about those leaving. They have done their best; what more could anyone do? Those left behind write on. Finally the time is up and there are still a few struggling with elusive ideas. “It is time to stop.” There is one last mad flourish of the pencil; then leisurely, with varying emotions, the papers are folded and handed in.

Again there is the murmur, though a different set of questions blend to make it. “Did you finish?” “Did you think it was hard?” “How many did you answer?” Again there is a variety of pictured emotions upon those faces—satisfaction, fear, uncertainty. Again—what a revelation!



Book Review

"Friendship Village"

Clara B. Byrd, '13, Cornelian

In "Friendship Village", Zona Gale presents to us a picture of life in a simple American village, where the sweet "togetherness of it all" is still unbroken by the modern spirit of rivalry and competition.

There is nothing sensational about the book, nothing thrilling. No great problems of home or social life are discussed, and no characters unusual either for strength or weakness are portrayed. "Friendship Village" is, in reality, a collection of short stories, each delicately outlined, each presenting in a graceful way some phase of village life—lovemaking among the young people, festival occasions, kindly neighborhood gatherings, charitable undertakings of church societies. Moreover, it abounds in many quaint and interesting characters, chief among whom are Miggy, the secretary, and Peter, who makes his living at a cannery, and "pours out his soul on a violin". The delightful romance of these two runs like a thread through all the other stories, binding them into a unified whole.

The book is also permeated with a sense of outdoor freedom, and is redolent with the very breath of June. As one reads, visions appear and reappear of big shady front yards, wide streets, rolling into green pastures not far away, smiling expanses of blue sky overhead, and flowing around it all—the river. As one reads, he is almost conscious, too, of the perfume from old-fashioned flower gardens, and of the pleasant odor from growing fields.

Moreover, there is present always, like an undercurrent, a feeling of happy companionship, of loving co-operation in all the various activities of the little community, and a sense of living and working quietly and contentedly, free from envy and jealousy. All in all, the little book will be most acceptable in an hour of loneliness, or distrust in the sincerity of the world, for its kindly, cheerful tone cannot fail to comfort and reassure.

Arnold Bennet's "Your United States"

Ethel Bollinger, '13, Cornelian

The American who feels that he is misrepresented in the newspapers of today, has a chance to discover his real self in articles written by men, who know, in perspective, America and Americans. It is often refresh

ing to hear an outsider's opinion of us. Arnold Bennet, in Harper's Monthly, gives us a comprehensive view of education, as he sees it, in America.

He gets his first impression of the American child, on the Atlantic liner coming over to America. He finds him precocious, independent, self-confident, charming and saucy, and he afterwards concludes that this child mirrors the whole of American education.

Being greatly impressed one day by the human spectacle of numbers of high school boys and girls leaving their buildings, he desires to visit schools, and is conducted to the Horace Mann School. He finds that the school is a splendid palace, fitted with hygienic devices for the comfort of the students; that here the child is the center of "a magnificent pageant, ritual, devotion, almost worship". What wonder, then, that it lifts its chin, puts its shoulders back, steps out with a spring, and glances down confidently upon the whole world."

His next visit is to Columbia University, which he regards as nothing short of a miracle. He is impressed by the "disdain of tradition", the enterprise and originality. It remains in his mind "an enormous and overwhelming incoherence". But it gives to him the message that America is intensely interested in education, and that if she so continues, the racial results will be great for her.

He finds Harvard quite the opposite. Presumably, there is no "trace of the wand" here, but the mellowness of old age. He enters its magnificent portals, however, and lo! there is none of the "old world charm" within. Everything is princely, modern, "grandiose in dimensions". Even the etiquette of the place, which demands that each retiring president shall leave a gift in the form of a new building, heightens its material splendor.

And how shall he judge this education of America? By its results. If we should judge it from the standpoint of the development of American curiosity, we should have no cause for complaint. The American horde is sent "hustling for culture" with greater zest than the European, by this same virtue which *right* education should stimulate.

Bennet considers a second test of education to be found in the feeling for art. He defends the American from the harsh criticism which is so often heard to come from visiting Europeans. "This Philistine race thinks of nothing but dollars." These *artistic* Europeans have not come in contact with the inartistic of their own country. They forget that the "rank and file of every land is equally inartistic." If they should look at the architecture of certain railway stations in America, they would find true art. They do not realize that "genuine art flourishes best in the atmosphere of genuine popular demand."

He concludes his essay with a short criticism of the graphic art of America. It is after long searching that he finally becomes thrilled with the paintings of America. Finally in a small art gallery he finds the ideal which thrills him. It is a painting of Winslow Homer's which he describes as beautiful and genuinely American in conception.

Hope

A Translation from Schiller

Fannie Starr Mitchell, '14, Adelphian

Men ever talk, and think, and dream
 Of better days to come,
 And ever strive, with faith imbued,
 Unto a golden home.
 The world grows old, and young once more,
 While men's thoughts toward the future soar.

'Tis hope which leads one into life,
 It hovers o'er the boy,
 Its magic doth inspire the youth,
 And brighten every joy.
 E'en when life's tired course is run
 It shineth, radiant as the sun.

It is no empty, flattering dream
 Of fools. With tint of morn
 Unto the heart it doth proclaim:
 "For vict'ries were you born."
 The promises which hope doth give
 Will cause the fainting soul to live.



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APRIL, 1913

No. 7

The old saying, "Increased blessings bring added responsibilities," has been made very real to the minds of the magazine editors lately. For a long time the great problem with which we had to contend, was how we could get contributions for the Magazine. Hark to the unheard of condition of affairs at present! There has been, for the last two numbers of the Magazine, more than enough material, enough to select the *best* from. Cannot those of us who have heard so often the doleful cry of the editors, "It's the twenty-fourth and no material in!" appreciate the complacency of the editors at this state of affairs?

But now comes the question, "How are we to return those manuscripts which we will not need, without offending the tender sensibilities of their owners? It is a dangerous thing to discourage budding genius! This then, is our problem since

the students have really *waked up*. We would not have you think that we are complaining—we are rather rejoicing in our abundance.

We might follow the example of the courteous Chinese editor whom we quote below:

“We have read it with infinite delight. By the holy ashes of our ancestors we swear that we have never seen so superb a masterpiece. His majesty, the emperor, our exalted master, if we were to print it, would command us to take it as a model, and never publish anything of a less striking quality. As we could not obey this order more than once in ten thousand years, we are compelled to send back your divine manuscript, and beg a thousand pardons.”

E. C. B., '13, Cornelian.

Are not all of us forever clamoring for time? Then why do we waste so much in our library where every moment should prove profitable to us?

IN THE LIBRARY

Why, do you say? Because we are careless in keeping our books in the right place. In the general reference room many hours are spent each day by the girls in school running their fingers over the back of the encyclopaedias trying to find the volumes that they want. Each girl has to look over all, two or three times to find the right volume, because they are not placed in order. In haste, we take Vol. IX for Vol. IV, because they have interchanged places. We find Vol. XX where I should be, and sometimes we find some volumes of Nelson's on the shelf with Americana. Who is responsible for this? I say six hundred careless girls.

Another place where the books are greatly mixed is the space devoted to essays. Here we find American authors intermingled with the English. A fair sample of this lack of care was given me by a student who was making a special study of personal essays last fall. During a few spare minutes she went into the library to read one of Hunt's short essays. She looked all through the English essayists and was surprised that she could not find Hunt's; for there are several volumes of his essays in the library. She could not

believe there was not one volume on the shelf; so she looked again and again. Not being able to find one, she decided to read one by Mark Twain if now she had time. What should be the first thing to greet her eyes when she went to the space devoted to American essayists but two volumes of Hunt's essays? Why were these here? Needless to say it was now time for the girl to go to her next class, and she had read nothing.

The librarians are to help the students find what they cannot find alone. Each book is numbered and when in place the librarian can go to it at once. If it were their sole duty to keep the books in place, do you think that two people could replace the books as fast as six hundred girls misplace them? Impossible! Then let us remember when we go into the library that each book is numbered, has its own place, and that we can aid the librarian, economize our own time and the time of all the students in the college if we put a book in its own place.

W. T., '14, *Cornelian*.

Every two weeks we have what we call "society night", and
SOCIETY up until the last year or so this night has
NIGHT been "taken", that is, nothing else could inter-
fere with it. Recently, a deplorable state
of affairs has existed. Society night has come to be consid-
ered "open". Its claim is subordinated to that of any chance
entertainment that may present itself. To leave the even-
ing free for this, society is held in the afternoons, or cut short
if held at night. This thing ought not to be. The society
means much in our college life; and we must therefore jeal-
ously guard it that nothing may be done to detract from its
influence and usefulness. And it is detracting from the use-
fulness of both the societies—seriously detracting—to move
them about and change the accustomed order of things. "The
old order changeth, yielding place to new," but we ought to
be careful that we do not let the *better* order give way. The
greatest usefulness of the societies here in college is the oppor-
tunity they give the students to acquire self-possession and
poise. This good is eliminated when society night is inter-

ferred with; for the programs of the societies are then not rendered for lack of time or are rendered hastily. Let us return to the "old order" and consider society night as one night with which nothing else should interfere.

E. A., '15, Adelpbian.





Young Women's Christian Association Notes

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpian

The vesper service for Sunday, March 2nd, was led by Miss Miller, who chose as her subject, "Lessons from Esther." Mrs. Ralph Coit, of Greensboro, was soloist. On Sunday evening, March 9th, Rev. S. M. Rankin, of the State Mission Board, talked on "Home Missions in North Carolina." Mr. Brockmann gave a violin solo. Mrs. Sidney L. Alderman, who formerly had charge of a class of Normal girls at West Market Methodist Church, but is now in charge of the infant department of that church, talked on "Ideals for Girls". At the vesper service on March 16th, Mrs. Sharpe sang "The Palms". March 23rd was the regular monthly missionary meeting. Rev. C. E. Hodgkin, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, made the address. Special Easter music, consisting of a processional, anthems, and a double quartette, was furnished by the choir. Rev. R. M. Andrews was speaker at the Sunday evening service of March 30th.

On March 5th, at the regular Wednesday evening meeting, the election of officers for the following year took place as follows: Maude Bunn, president; Lila Melvin, vice-president; Kathleen Erwin, secretary; Edith Haight, treasurer. The committee chairmen have now been appointed. They are: Ruth Gunter, chairman of the devotional committee; Willie May Stratford, membership committee; Mary Worth, missionary committee, Nina Garner, Bible study committee; Eunice Sinclair, intercollegiate committee; Louise Whitley, social committee; Pattie Groves, finance committee; Katherine Lapsley, music committee. The officers and chairmen who compose the cabinet of the Association, will assume their duties after the first Sunday in April.

The Freshman Class had charge of the Wednesday evening service of March 12th. Elizabeth Craddock presided over the meeting. Annie Spainhour read a chapter from the Bible; Frances Summerell made the opening prayer. A duet "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," was given by Janie Ipock and Flossie Stout. Louise Goodwyn made the evening talk on "Attain the Vision". The missionary committee, who had charge of the service on March 19th, gave a debate, "Resolved, That China in Her Foreign Relations, is More Sinned Against than Sinning." Sallie Sumner and Grace Stanford successfully debated the affirmative side against Mazie Kirkpatrick and Hazel Black on the negative side. Miss Winfield, Miss Bryan, and Miss Strong were the judges. On March 26th, the Consumers' League had charge of the service. Mr. W. H. Swift, Secretary of the State Child Labor Commission, pre-

sented several phases of the work in the state in which there are many possibilities for the students to help.

Under the auspices of the missionary committee, a missionary pageant, which depicted the work of the Young Women's Christian Associations in the foreign countries of China, India, South America, and Japan, was given in the college auditorium on March 7th. The pageant consisted of a prologue, "The Spirit of Womanhood," by Coline Austin, four acts, and a pilgrims chorus of one hundred and thirty voices.

Miss Anna D. Casler, from the Association headquarters in Charlotte, came up to attend the pageant and was the guest of Dr. Gove.

On April 9th, eighteen students will leave here for Richmond, Virginia, to be present at the Biennial Young Women's Christian Association Convention, to be held there from April 9th to 16th. The students from this college will take a prominent part in the pageant, which is to be one of the chief features of the convention, in depicting the rural life of Association work. Miss McArthur, a pageant director from the National Association headquarters at New York, was here on March 8th and a few days following, to interview those who are to take part in the pageant. The delegation is one of the largest the Association has sent to a convention. This college is entitled to four voting delegates: Ruth Gunter, Fannie Starr Mitchell, Mary Worth, of the students, and Miss Miller, our general secretary. Mrs. Sharpe and Miss McAllester will also attend the Convention.

Miss Coit entertained the members of the missionary committee in her room Saturday afternoon, March 8th. Plans for the new mission study classes which had just been organized, were discussed.

Miss Grace Stanford, chairman of the missionary committee, held a social meeting of her committee in Senior Hall March 14th. Her group had pledged to earn fifty cents for the work of their committee. One of the chief features of the meeting was the account of how this money had been earned. After the business meeting, those present enjoyed a very pleasant social hour making candy.

The morning watch services for the week of March 3rd to 8th, were given to the subject of mission study. The services from March 9th to the 16th were on "Our Girls". The week of March 17th to 24th was devoted to "Prayer". "Faithfulness" was the subject for the services for the week of March 24th to 30th.



Society Notes

With the Adelphians

Mildred Rankin, '13, Adelphian

The literary exercises of the Adelphian Society for the evening of March 7th, consisted of a comedy in three acts, "Tom's Fiancee," by Eulora Jennings. The cast of characters was as follows:

Mrs. Stanhope	Irene Gilchrist
Bessie Stanhope, her daughter	Uluah Rush
Alice Maynard, engaged to Tom Stanhope ..	Mable Stephens
Beulah Crump, a stenographer	Mary Green
Huldah, a maid	Ruth Gunter

On the evening of March 21st a play, "Sunset," by Jerome K. Jerome, was given in the Adelphian Society. It was very much enjoyed by those present. The characters were as follows:

Mr. Rivers, a pompous old gentleman ..	Frances Summerell
Aunt Drusilla, a prim old lady	Margaret Sparger
Lois Rivers	Edith Avery
Joan Jasper, Lois' step-sister	Edna Earle Overman
Azariah Stodd, a sporting young countryman,	Yancey Long
Lawrence Leigh, a young barrister	Hildah Mann

Cornelian Notes

Verta Louise Idol, '13, Cornelian

After the regular meeting of the Cornelian Literary Society on March 21st, an impromptu debate was held. The query was, "Resolved, that the Normal College Should Participate in Intercollegiate Athletics." Misses Vivian Cole and Evelyn Whitty were the speakers on the affirmative, while Misses Kate May Streetman and DeLuke Pinkston upheld the negative. The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

After this "The Mouse-trap", by William Dean Howells, was given and very much enjoyed. Willis Campbell, by pretending he saw a mouse, proved that the courage of women is altogether moral. The wild scramble for chairs, piano stools, and tables, was very amusing and perhaps characteristic. The parts were taken as follows:

Willis Campbell	Lucille Leggett
Mrs. Somers	Sallie Lovell
Mrs. Curwen	Juanita McDougall
Mrs. Bemis	Ruth Patton
Mrs. Roberts	Carlotta Harps
Mrs. Miller	Annie Spainhour
Jane	Lillian Wakefield



Among Ourselves

Lillian G. Crisp, '13, Adelpian

On the evening of March 1st, the University of North Carolina Dramatic Club, under the auspices of the Freshman Class, presented "What Happened to Jones". The auditorium was crowded to its fullest capacity. The audience was very enthusiastic in its praise of the play.

On Wednesday evening, March 5th, the students gave a lantern parade in honor of Dr. Foust's return from Raleigh, where he had been to present to the Legislature, the needs of the Normal College. Beautiful indeed was the long procession of girls, clad in white, carrying lanterns whose vari-colored lights, representing the colors of the respective classes, shone out brightly. In silence the students proceeded to Dr. Foust's home. But as he came back to the college with them, their glad songs accompanied him. Arrived at the steps of the Administration Building, Miss Idol, President of the Senior Class, in a brief address of welcome, told Dr. Foust that the students had assembled to thank him in a small way for the efforts he had made in behalf of the Normal. Then Dr. Foust spoke. Never before had the hearts of the students been so touched, or their love for their Alma Mater felt quite so deep. His words awoke in them more love for him, deeper loyalty to the college, and higher ideals of service. The evening will always be remembered by those who heard Dr. Foust's words.

The annual Junior-Senior reception took place this year on the 6th of March. At four forty-five in the afternoon, the members of these two classes, with Dr. and Mrs. Foust, Miss Jamison, and Miss Miller, left the college in special cars which took them to the end of the car line; there automobiles were waiting to transport the members of the party to the Country Club.

Arrived at the club, there was a very pleasant hour before the guests were ushered into the beautiful dining-room. Here a most delicious banquet was served. As "mental food" for the occasion, the following toasts were given:

"To Our Guests," given by Ruth Gunter, toastmistress and president of the Junior Class; responded to by Verta Idol, president of the Senior Class.

"To the Blue and White," given by Emma Wilson.

"To Senior Hall," given by Margaret Smith; responded to by Miss Jamison.

“To Good Fellowship,” given by Louise Bell; responded to by Junior Class.

“To the College,” given by Jeannette Musgrove; responded to by Dr. Foust.

At the end of the banquet the Junior Class sang, “Our Alma Mater”.

After the banquet was over the guests were taken to the opera house to see the “Spring Maid”. Here all were charmed by gay dance and song and the beautiful effects produced throughout the performance. On the way home, and after they arrived at the college, the Seniors were almost too happy to be capable of saying just how much they had enjoyed the evening. But then, as now, they were sincerely grateful to the Juniors for the most delightful Junior-Senior reception our college has known.

The sixth students’ recital of the year took place on the 13th of March; the seventh on the 20th. The addition of vocal numbers to the programs of these recitals has given much pleasure. Mr. Brown, the Director of the Music Department, says that the quality of these recitals is bettered each time.

During the month there was the following special music at chapel: On March 14th, a trio, “Santa Maria,” by Faure, sung by Lillian Wakefield, Elizabeth McCraw, and Mary Louise Jones; on March 21st, Good Friday, a piano solo, the “Funeral March,” from Beethoven’s Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, played by Mr. Brown.

On Wednesday, March 20th, Mrs. Florence Kelley, of New York, who is Secretary of the National Consumers’ League, Vice-President of the American Suffrage Association, and a trustee of the National Child Labor Committee, addressed the students in the interest of the Consumers’ League. In a very forceful and masterful way she contrasted the labor conditions of Europe with those of America and told of the work of the Consumers’ League in trying to better them in our country. Her address was very much enjoyed by the students, who felt that they were honored in having a visit from so celebrated a woman.

Among the alumnae who returned to the college to spend Easter were: Leah Boddie, Margaret Cobb, Georgia Faison, Mildred Edwards, Annie Dodge Glenn, Mary K. Brown, Lucy Robertson, Ethel McNairy, and Lucile Elliott.

Professor and Mrs. Wade R. Brown, Miss Severson, Miss Harris, and Misses Amelie Adams and Mildred Yarborough, attended the concert given in Raleigh, Wednesday evening, March 26th, by Signor Allesandro Bonci, the famous Italian tenor.

Mrs. Weatherspoon and Miss Nash spent several days last week visiting Winthrop College, at Rock Hill, S. C.

The Charlotte News, of March 26th, has the following to say of the appearance in that city of Miss Kathryn Severson:

“One of the most beautiful voices heard in the city in months was that of Miss Kathryn M. Severson, teacher of voice at the State Normal, heard at Tryon Street Methodist Church in the Easter cantata Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Miss Severson has a beautiful soprano of clearest, purest quality, bright with color, capable of any feat of vocalization and of exquisite finish. She spent several years in New York, being solo soprano in several of the leading churches. She came here by invitation of Prof. David Huyck, organist of Tryon Street Church, an enthusiast over her voice, and sang the soprano role in the Easter cantata. The beauty of her voice electrified her audience. The musical service was exceptionally fine, the choir doing excellent work under the training and direction of Prof. Huyck.”

Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, the wife of President Southwick, of the Emerson School of Oratory, of Boston, gave a lecture recital at the college on Friday evening, March 28th. This recital is the last of the artist series of the year. Mrs. Southwick rendered Percy MacKaye's dramatization of Joan D'Arc. The large audience, which consisted of students, faculty, and people of Greensboro, was charmed by Mrs. Southwick's sweetness of tone, grace of movement and dramatic art.

On March 31st-April 1st, in the auditorium of the Students' Building was held the National Child Labor Exhibit. This very interesting exhibition comes from Jacksonville to Greensboro, and is the loan of the National Child Labor Committee. The college and the citizens of Greensboro are very fortunate in having this opportunity.



Exchanges

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpgian

As the elections for the following year draw near, we may well consider what requirements for eligibility we demand of our editors. Can we not have a free discussion of this matter in our next magazines? How many of us have any requirements whatsoever? How many of us who do have requirements find that they stimulate interest in the magazine? How many words should be considered an adequate requirement for eligibility for editorship? These are some of the problems common to all magazines. Cannot those who have tested this matter help the other by giving them their experiences? Let us think about the matter, and if we have been electing our editors without asking them to measure up to a certain standard, then let us make a new beginning at once this spring.

One of the best magazines for the month—and the very best number we have received of this magazine—is the *Acorn*. It shows remarkable proportion in story, essay, and verse. The articles offer a variety of experiences gathered from life in the many fields in which college women today figure. The essays are of much general interest. The alumnae of Meredith College are to be commended for the excellence of the magazine which they have produced.

The Trinity Archive has a truly literary flavor this month, given to it by the essays, "Woman's Influence as Outlined in Goethe's *Iphigenie*," "Anti-Slavery Literature," and "Two Great Love Poets." The co-eds seem to be more gifted in essay than in story writing, since only one story appears in this magazine.

From time to time copies of *The Palmetto* have reached us. We are especially pleased with the poetry of this magazine; it holds up high ideals and noble aims in life, as all true poetry should.



In Lighter Vein

Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian

Philosophy of Life

La' honey chile, dis world am one mo'place,
We's allus havin' ups an' downs,
But den it's best to wear a happy face,
Let people see a smile an' not a frown.

We's yet got somefin' to be thankful 'bout,
We's got our life to still live on,
Why not be cheerful an' not pout,
An' make folks glad dat dey was bo'n?

We's allus lookin' for de darker way,
We worry 'bout de trouble dat may come.
Let's keep de trials to ourselves each day,
And make folks happy, ebery one.

L. M., '15, Adelpian.

J. M.: "Are you going to the concert tomorrow night?"

M. H.: "Yes, I think I'll go. It's only a quarter intermission, you know."

One evening at dinner recently, while the dessert was being served, a certain young lady asked the puzzling question, "How can a half be a pear?"

Junior: "When you speak of Margaret Mann and Hilda Mann together, do you say Menn?"

Sophomore: "I suppose so, but isn't that rather a singular plural?"

Mr. Jackson, on Junior history class: "Please give a brief account of the battle of Cowpens."

Junior, a puzzled frown on her face: "It's been so long ago, I just can't remember."

D. A.: "What is the name of that little poem of Scott's that begins with Loch—ah—Loch—?"

M. C.: "Rape of the Lock?"

B. T.: "Locksley Hall?"

Jean, rushing into a neighbor's room early one morning, exclaimed:

“Oh! can't somebody lend me some theme paper? Mercy, I'm in a 'diploma'.”

A certain Junior was studying physics recently, when she came across the date, 600 B. C. Looking up at her roommate seriously, she asked, “How many years were there before Christ?”

Heard on the basket-ball field:

First Girl: “Those second preps. did some playing this afternoon. That little ‘guardian’ over there on the right was fine.”

Second girl: “Yes, she was good. But, did you notice that tall ‘central’?”

How She Fell

A precocious child who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming:

“Oh, darling! How did you fall?”

“Vertically,” replied the child, without a second's hesitation.—*From Satire.*

Dr. Eliot's Stable

I have the following story straight from a neighbor of President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot:

Before work was started on the stable connected with Dr. Eliot's new house in Brattle Street, legal notice of the prospective construction had to be posted in the vicinity of the site. The notice, on a printed form with blanks filled in by hand, was conspicuously posted on a tree in Brattle Street, and read as follows:

“This is to notify that there will be erected on this site a—two-stall stable, to be built of—concrete—and to be occupied by—Charles W. Eliot.”—*Boston Post.*

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Math. is but an empty dream,
For the Trig. that torments slumber
Is exactly what it seems.

Trig. is real, Trig. is earnest!
And the formula's its goal,
Skip it o'er and do not learn it
Was ne'er spoken of its soul.

On the Math.'s great field of battle,
'Mid the problems of its life,
Make the x's and y's rattle!
Be a conq'rer in the strife!

Not enjoyment, but grim sorrow
 Is companion of our way.
 Hard we work, but each tomorrow
 Is no better than today.

Trust no answers, howe'er tempting,
 Till you've proved their truthfulness,
 No solution e'er exempting,
 Free your work from carelessness.

Great Pythagoras still reminds us
 Of the heights we've yet to climb,
 When we've left them far behind us
 Peace is ours, and joy sublime.

Let us then keep on our doing,
 Hoping for a happy fate,
 When we've left off the pursuing
 Of the Math. we truly hate!

P. G., '14, Cornelian.

L. M., '14, Adelphean.

Present Day Poetry

Inspired by the statement attributed to a visiting British bard that Tennyson and Browning were long since sent to the scrap heap in England:

“Poetica nascitur, non fit”—
 Thus Horace. Though a well of wit,
 How wrong his theory.
 The bards endowed with the divine
 Afflatus, fired with frenzy fine,
 Now leave us weary.

Browning and Tennyson are not;
 The stuff they wrote has gone to pot—
 Mere air and gases.
 The splendor falls from castle walls,
 The garden Maud no longer calls
 And Pippa passes.

The sonnet now is out of date,
 Hexameters disintegrate,
 By dactyls haunted.
 Something amorphous, formless, void,
 By rhyme and reason quite uncloyed,
 Is what is wanted.

For instance, if of early spring
 Or any other current thing,
 You'd pipe your lay now,
 Do it in manner outre, bold;

Let readers see your thought untold
In what you say now.

Be certain that on no account
You sip at the Pierian fount,
Lest learning fetter.
And if you fail the full intent
To grasp of thoughts you vaguely vent,
So much the better. —*Maurice Morris.*

Sweet Violets

I'd heard of modest violets
That grow beside the way.
In fact I heard dear Marjorie
Speak of them that day.

The poets say their sweetness
Is quite beyond compare;
That they bloom in lowly places,
Making sweet the very air.

Hurrah! I had an idea.
To Marjorie I'd send
An armful of sweet violets.
They're simple things—but then—

Perhaps she'd love them for themselves
And send a thought to me,
Although they're modest violets,
As simple as can be.

I walked into a florist's shop;
The man brought out a few
In a tiny bunch about so big,
I'd tell him what to do.

"Give me an armful, sir," I cried.
He brought them quick, you bet.
He also brought the bill, my friends,—
I've not recovered yet.

Take my advice, my readers dear,
There's a moral in this theme:
They say, "sweet, modest violets,"
But *they are not* what they seem.

A. A., Cornelian.

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